

Piae Juventuti Sacrum.

An

ELEGIE

on

The Death of the most vertuous
and hopefull young Gentleman
GEORGE PITT Esq^r:

Sen: Herc: Fur: Act: 3.

Prima quæ vitam dedit hora, carpsit.

Even that first hour wherein man lives,
Takes one hour from the life it gives.

Clement Ellis



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By the order of the committee



TO
THE MOST VERTVOVS
AND THEREFORE MOST
DESERVEDLY HONOUR'D LADY,
M^{rs} ALICE PITT,

With all due Service and Devotion is hum-
bly Dedicated the following ELEGY:

At the Funerals of her onely, and worthily
Beloved Sonne Mr G. P.

MADAM,

Since You can be so *Charitably* kind,
To let us share the *Blessings* of your *Mind*;
Since of the *Comforts* of your *Wombe*, your Son,
You could allow me *part*; and still had done,
Had not our wretched lives *curs'd* *Mistresses*
His *Progresse* *Fear'd*, *Envy'd* our *Happinesse*.

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It seems But *just*, I should be sharer to,
As of your *Ioyes* before, soe *sorrows* now.
Not *then* to joy with you, it had but bin
My *Misery*; 'twere, not to *grieve*, my *sin*.
That was my *Priv'ledge*, This my *duety* is;
That *Gratitude* Commands, *Religion* this.
Nor dare I *mourne* by *halves*, The *whole* man he,
Must weare noe *party-colour'd* livory:
Such as indeed the *joy-dissembling* Heire
Too oft at's Father's funerall seems to weare;
when *turne* him *inside.out*, you'll eas'ly find
Much *diff'ring* colours in his *cloak* and *Mind*.
My sorrow's *die'd in graine* I onely have
Just so much *life* as keeps me from the *grave*.
Your *Bounty* cloaths the *outward* man in *black*,
His *Death* would not allow my *soule* to lack
Her *Mourning-suit*; who in respect to *you*
Has clad her *Maid* all in *close mourning* too.
Your *Goodnesse* calls on *one*; and here you see,
My *bold grieve* multiplies that *one* to *three*.

Upon

Upon the weak *staffe* of a *splitted Quill*,
 My *Creepie Muse* comes *halting* up the *Hill*,
 And humbly at your *feet* does prostrate fall,
 The *devout'st* mourner at this *Funerall*.
 Your *sorrows* rais'd her from that *Bed of ease*,
 Where she so long had *hugg'd* her own *disease*,
 And had *expir'd* long since, a *prey* to death,
 But that your *sighs* brought a supply of *breath*.
 Hearing your *groans*, she *started* up, and see
 No *Sun* appear, she straight cries out — '*Tis he* !
 And with a *trembling* eye, roaving about,
 At length she spies that mournfull *HARROW* out.
 Seeing this * *two-top'd* Hill (for now there's *odds*
 Betwixt *your house*, and *that* which *once* was *God's*:
 Though *these* made *one*, 'till some more *wise* then we
 Durst preach it *Schisme* to live in *unity*.)
 Seeing these *tops* two *blackest* *clonds* o'reshade
 (God's *frown* the one, your *sadnesse* t'other made:)
 She calls it her *Parnassus*, and does run
 In hast, to *take leave* of her *setting sun*.

* The two tops
 are the Church
 and your house.

The *Deity* inspir'd her was your *Son*,
Whose *vertues* made your *teares* her *Helicon*.

But may this fountaine *soon* run dry! that streame
No more occasion'd on so *sad* a *theme*!
O rather may my-Muses *last breath* be
Exhal'd in this *unwelcome Elegie*!
O may she rather spend her *rustick* *Rithme*
Upon the *reigning vices* of the *time*;
And with her *bettters* only reap these *gaines*,
An *happy Curse* of *Silence* for her pains!
Had she not in this *sin* which she has done,
Serv'd the *sad mother* more then *happy son*;
She had not in so *deep a note* sat down,
And groan'd: But up to *Heav'n* had *flown*
In *lofty* numbers, such as might become
The *Sainted off-spring* of your *happy wombe*.
I cannot blame your *love*, which did contrive
So many waies to keep this *Flow'r* alive:
Though in a lovely *garden* here he *grew*,
Made for such *Flow'rs* alone as *he* and *you*:

Though

Though you did well those *lawfull hopes* to nourish,
To see him in *this garden thrive and flourish*:
Though such *endeavours* with *Religion* stand,
Yet did your *pray'rs* still *contradict* your *hand*:
You wish'd him *blest*, your *own* experience shows
That no man's *so* before to *heav'n* he goes.
I know you *grudge* him not his *early rest*,
Nor think his *blessing lesse*, 'cause *so soon* blest.
Who *soonest* goes this *journey*, runs his *race*
With as much *ease* as *speed*, and takes his *place*
Highest in *Heav'n*, we who stay here *behind*,
Laden with *sins* and *sorrows*, we shall find
The *entrance* much more *hard*, and there must be
Content to sit *lower* by much then *he*.

This is your *Blessing*, that for *seav'nteen yeares*
You have *possess'd* what now you *lose with teares*.
That *heav'n* *intrusted* you with that *rich prize*,
In *love* of which *it selfe* did *sympathize*
With you and *us*: That you have been so long
His *Nurse*, 'till he can speak the *Angells tongue*.

And

And beares his *part* in that sweet *quire*, that sing
Loud *Hallelujahs* to their *God* and *King*.
May that bright *Glory*, which now *Crowns* the *Son*,
Attend the *Mother* when her race is run!
There may you meet where *endlesse* comforts may,
And shall mak't an *eternall* *Holiday*.
Till when my *alter'd* *Calender* shall be
Two *letters* for *this* *day* in every yeare.
A *black* one for your *losse*, an other *Red*
To signify the happy *day* he sped
In Heav'n; May all the *vertuous* *family*
Still live so *innocent*, so *happy* die!
May Heav'n's warme *rayes* *revive* your *joies* and keep
Your *Hopes* *awake*, untill your *Bodies* *sleep*
In peacefull *Graves*, and all your *Soules* do flye
In *triumph* up to *Immortality*!

ON



ON
*The Early, but happy death, of the
 very Hopefull young Gentleman,
 my once most dear, and Honour-*
ed friend, GEORGE PITT

Esq^r:
Dying of an hæreditary Consumption
at 17 yeares of age.

THus flitting are our best of Joyes, and this
 The misery attends too early blisse;
 To have a friend which I must lose! O blesse
 Me (*Heavens*) with no such fading happinesse!
 Whil'st here I breath, O let me rather be
 As free from friends, as Immortality!
 So shall no dying joy to me bequeath
 A living sorrow by its hasty Death.
 "Sorrow hath to the height its selfe improv'd,
 "When we have lost what we can say we lov'd.

B

What

What shall I call *my Passion* then, who have
Bury'd more then *one* Heaven in *his Grave*?
 I *lov'd* and *lost*, to tell you *what*, and *when*,
 Were but to *love* and *lose* him *o're* again.
Great Griefs are *dumb*, in these *sad* lines I show,
 What 'tis my Griefe *would* say were it *not* so.
 What others might call *words*, here are but *weak*
 Expressions, onely *signes* that I *would* speak.
 Could I speak *out*, my lines should have no *end*,
 My Griefe bee'ng *more* then words can *comprehend*.
 And yet no wonder, if each *figh*, each *teare*,
 Falling upon *his dust new-moulded* were,
 And unto *us* articulate now seeme,
Rebounding from so *Elegant* a *theme*.
 As *Memnon's statue* without *soul* or *sense*,
 When *warm'd* and *mov'd* by th' pow'rfull *Influence*
 Of Heaven above, did seem in *gratitude*
 To *blesse* the power whence 'twas with *life* indu'd:
 So may his *shining* soul, which now is gone
 Triumphant far above the *Stars* and *Sun*,

Dart

Dart down a *Courteous* and *enlivening* ray,
 To *actuate* our *souls*, as those our *clay*;
 And make us *such* in *deed* as *he* should have
 All *speaking monuments* about his grave.
 Till then, like one whose *losses* strike him *dumbe*,
 With this sad *Paper* on my *breſt* I come,
 And *mourne* before thy *Herſe*, ſuch *Griefe's expreſt*
 Beſt by a *ſilent tongue*, and *vocall breſt*:
 For theſe *ſad words* in theſe *white ſheets*, they be
 The *walking Ghoſts* of my *dead Poëtry*.
 Which *haunt* thy *Grave*, the *place* which does *enclōſe*
 More of my *treasure* then the world yet *knows*.
 More then I have to *loſe* again, and *more*
 Then *richeſt nature* can againe *reſtore*.
 More then my *hopes* can aime at *here*, or can
 Be recompens'd in one that's *meerly man*.
 A *treasure* can indeed no more be *loſt*
 Then be *forgot*, 'tis but *ſecur'd* at moſt:
 Since 't lies ſo *ſafe*, what's *left*, I'll caſt *all in*;
 This *Mite-devotion* of my *widdow'd Pen*.

Could sighs breath'd out from sorrow's clouded nest,
 (Call it *thy living tomb* or *my dead brest*)
 Prevaile and blow thee back againe: or *teares*
Shour'd on thy Corps raise a new *spring* of years:
 Could *Sobbes* and dolefull *groans*, sent from the heart,
 (The *last sad Gasps* wherein our *hopes depart*)
 Or be so pow'rfull, as to mollifie
 The *Fates*, or make *thee* think it *sin* to die.
 Thy *friends*, whom thy *far-spreading* death bereft
 of Joyes, and *senselesse* as thy *body* left,
 Would borrow of *surviving* passion,
 To *antedate* thy *resurrection*.

Could *whitest Innocence* with *sweetnesse* mix'd,
 Could *Piety* in *Resolution* fix'd,
 Could *inward Grace* in *outward beauty* set
 As *true Gold* in a *Gilded Cabinet*
 Could *sweetest Inclinations* in a mind
 Not *warp'd* by *favour*, nor through *passion blind*;
 Could (what's a *miracle*) a *pious youth*
Ag'd in *Devotion* and *Religion's Growth*,

Could

Could *each* or *all* of these have set a *rate*
 Upon a *mortall*, death might *venerate*,
 And through *religion* be afraid to weare
 Those *sacrilegious spoils* it now does *here*:
 We had *enjoy'd* him longer, and in him
 Those *vertues* which so beautifi'd the *Gemme*.

Wer't thou no more (sweet soul) but as of late
 My *dearest Friend*, I durst *expostulate*
 With *death* and *sicknesse*, and thus seem to be
 In danger of a *name* in *Poëtry*.

Could *threats* or *flatt'ries*, *force* or *wooe* the Grave,
 Onely to *take* what *aged nature* gave:

Could dire *Anathemaes* belch'd out with noise
 (The loudest *thunder* of a *Poët's* voice)

Fright death, and *excommunicate* disease

I'm sure thou had'st not bin so *soon* at ease:

I know not which had giv'n more cause t' have griev'd
 That now *thou die'st*, or then *so many liv'd*.

Were *vertue* but a *name* in *thee*, no doubt
 Our words might *swell* so *big* as speak it out:

Or were our sorrow *passion*, *Reason* might
 Enter the lists and hope to *win* the fight:
 But 'tis *above* this straine we mourne, not one
Forc'd Sigh we have, *strain'd* tear, or *modish* Groane:
 Such as the *zealous Hypocrite* puts on
 When he *should* mourn for's *lost* Religion.
 No *mourners of the Poste*, whose Grief's a *trade*,
 Who *arm'd* with *Iron words*, so come t' *invade*
 Death with their *Execrations*, *murther* fate
 With *Curses* as *prophane*, as *then too late*.
 Our sorrow's *Christian*, and our *verses* be
 Our *due Devotion*, no *starch'd Elegie*.

True, he whose *dryer* soul would boast a *power*
 Beyond what's *mortall*, and forbear to *showr*
 Down pensive tears upon thy *ashes*, must
 Crumbling to *ashes* too, mix with thy *dust*:
 None can but grieve for thy *Mortality*
 Except a soul that's *much* more *dead* then thee.
 And yet he only mourns *aright*, that shows
 A soul as *innocent* as *vertuous*:

As

As thine, whose *actions* write instead of *Griefe*
 An *harmlesse Comment* on thy *spotlesse life*.

A life so *good*, so *chast*, it seem'd to give
 Us a *short tast* of that which *Angells* live:
 And what's most true in *all Goods here* we meet,
 This was its Commendation, *Short and sweet*.
 The *fairest morning* of a man, the *dawn*
 Of an æternall day; On's clay was drawn
 The *lovely'st picture* of a *lovely'r soul*,
 On *this* the *Divine Image* almost *whole*.
Man in his *stature*, in's *forme* more than *man*,
 In purest Innocence a *Christian*.
 His nature *soft*, his body such as *stole*
 From Heav'n a *lodging* for so sweet a soul.
 Nature (as in the *Ermine*) fairly drew
 His *duties' Embleme* in his *spotlesse hue*.
 Who so observ'd that rarest *caution* which
 Appear'd, when e're he was to passe the *ditch*
 Wherein too many *welter* and lie *drown'd*,
 Chusing the *softest* not the *firmer* ground.

Would

Would almost say more then in *Complement*
Nature, not *vertue* made him *Innocent*.

To see so young a soule stand *all alone*
 I'th' *world*, as *vertue* 'twixt *two* vices, *one* ;
Assaulted now by one, then by another,
 And neither *lean* to one, nor *cringe* to t'other,
 Made me first see the *businessse* he had
 For Heav'n gave him no *leasure* to be *bad*,
 Whose race with so great *haste* to Heav'n was run
 'Twas almost *finish'd* e're we *saw't begun* .
 O pious soule ! who know'st no *paralell* ,
 To *die* so young when yet thou *liv'dst* so well !

To see so choyce a *Gemme* lye *all alone*
 Amidst a croud, and yet *caught up* by none
 Must speake a *vertue* *more* then *naturall*
 Which struck that *secret rev'rence* into all .

To see so faire a *flower* oft beset
 With *weeds* and *thistles* , and to *flourish* yet
 Retain it's *Beauty* and its *sent*, and be
 Ev'n *guarded* by 't's malignant *Enemie* ,

Argues

Argues a *vigour* more then *Earth* can give,
And more then ought but *Heaven* Could receive.

Those pritty *tempting* bates which lye and hemme
Youth in, and *prey* on those would *feast* on them,
Could in his more *resolved* Count'nance move
A *smile* at most, and of *disdain*, not *love*.
Those *thundring Oaths*, the highest *Embloß'd* *Pride*
Of *brave* discourse, which the *swolne Deicide*
Enam'lling all his talke with that *rude grace*
In a *Bravado* spits in Heav'ns pure face.
Spread such an *horronr* o're his soule, as't seem'd
The *tender'st* part of what was thus *Blasphem'd*,
So *constant* at's *Devotion*, as though
His soule did *nothing* but his *Heaven know*.
How *easly* went that soule to God, each day
Which made it thus it's *taske* to *learne* that *way* !
For him to goe to Heaven, 'twas no more
But *trace* the *foot steps* he had made *before*:
Knowing that he must *run*, that *wins* the *Goale*,
It was his care thus *oft* to *breath* his soule.

C

What

What e're might bring to Heav'n, to him 'twas all
 Becomes so perfectly *habituall*
 It was as *hard* for *him* to do *amisse*
 As 'twas for *others* to *obtaine* their blisse .

W here *others* with amazement gaze and spie
 A *Phancy'd* lustre which puts out the eye,
 He *saw*, and seeing *loath'd*, and loathing *shun'd*;
 Did not his *reason*; with his *sense* confound .
 His *words* were such, as onely *his* could be
 Sweet *perfumes* breath'd from that rich *Spicery*
 Which did *embalme* his soule whil' st here it lay
 Bury'd within it's *Sepulchre* of clay.
 He liv'd, as if his *arrand* hither were
 To beg of each a *passion*, each a *pray'r* .
 So *Heav'nly* were his soul's sweet *motions* all
 To rest below had been *unnatural*.
 So doth that *noblest* element of fire
 Fight with it's *fuell* and to heav'n *aspire*,
 And when that's *vanquish'd*, and it *upwards* gone,
 Lives the more *pure* though after *seen* by none .

His

His busnesse here below was not to *wast*.
 A life, or stay 'till some few *minutes* pass'd;
 All that he came to *doe* was *this*, no where
 He had to leave's *mortality* but *here*.
 His blessed soul came *hither* but to shew
 That all that *goe* to Heav'n must *this way* *goe*:
 Had it been possible a soul should *bound*
 So *high* without a *fall* upon the *Ground*,
 Could man enjoy æternall *life*, and not
 First *dye*, then had he never been *forgot*: (high,
 Heav'n would have priz'd such *jewells* much more
 Then to expose them to each *vulgar eye*.
 But since the purest *Di'mond*, e're it stand
 The *pride* and *Glory* of a *Noble* hand
 Must first endure the *file*, and not think much
 T' abide the Lapidarie's *runder* touch.
 Even so his richer soul now safely *set*
 In God's more *wide* and *Glorious Cabinet*,
 (*Enamell* rich as those bright *Orbes* e're wore.)
 Was here plac'd to be *Cut* and *polish'd ore*.

Such was his entertainment here, that day
 Which *first* gave *life*, *first* took his *health* away.
 Born but to *practice* his mortallity,
 Only to *learn* how to be *sick* and *dye*.
 Nature grew *jealous* at his birth, she saw
 A face so *sweet*, so *brave* a soul, in awe
 Of her own work she stood, and lest it should
 Grow *more* than man, and *desire* her mould,
 She sent him not *abroad*, but as we do
 Our *Prisners*; with his churlish *keeper* too.
 His *guard's* a sad disease, which does essay
 To *stifle's* soul in his *infected* clay.
 And when she would have *walk'd* abroad, to view
 What *Nature* made of *old*, or *Art* anew,
 Clapp'd *bolts* and *shackles* on each *faculty*,
 And made *her life* a *death*, who could not *die*.
 Till *leaning* too too heavy on the *wall*,
 It had so *weakn'd*, caus'd at length its *fall*:
 And now the joyfull soul *escaped* is
 Into a fair æternity of blisse.

O *Happy* soul, in this thy *mifery*!
 For having *try'd* so long what tis to die,
 Thou *quickly* did'st thy work, without all *pain*,
 And go'st to *rest* æternally again.
 Whil'st others *drop* or *stumble* in, Heav'n's gave
 Him leave to *walke softly* into this grave.
 Such Flowr's are not *cut* down, but *drawn* up hence
 By their bright Sire's *attractive* influence.
 No sudden *raging* Fever *parch'd* his clay,
 And in an instant *scorch'd* his life away:
 But, as *wax* in the Sun-shine, when't has felt
 That *warmth*, does rather sweetly *yeeld* then *melt*:
 And seems to *smile* upon its *kinder* fates,
 And to embrace the *wounding* raies, *dilates*
 And kindly *spreads* it's selfe, and *mooves* it's death
 Longing it's *last* embraces to *bequeath*:
 So did his *melting* body *yeelding* lie
Smiling upon the *Courteous* Cruelty
 Of such a *kind* disease, which in each *limbe*
 Did seem to *wast* it selfe much more then *him*:

Who saw him breath his *last* would conclude thence,
 He *whisper'd* Death *in's* *care* to fetch him hence.
 They seemd to strive which should yeeld first of *these*,
 His *feeble* body or his *weak* disease,
 He did *espouse* his sicknesse, was *in love*
 With that which first could seat his soule above.
 Angry with his *Physicians*, who did try
 To kill the *Death* brought *Immortality*.
 His sicknesse to his body was born *twin*,
 As every *soul* since Adam to it's *fin*.
 Such entire *friends* that *both* must be or neither
 Since both were *borne*, both *live*, both *dye* together.
 But why *miscall* we't *sicknesse* or *disease*,
 Which is his *Conduct* to æternall *ease*?
 Which Heav'n sent hither with him, lest when *hurl'd*
 Now here, now there in a *tumultuous* world,
 He might forget *where* 'twas his bus'nesse *lay*,
 This *softly* pulls, and tells him *that's the way*.
 If ere it *pinch'd* so hard, as *fetch'd* a groan,
 It quickly sends a *slumber* to atone.

The breach of friendship, as an early *taste*
 Or soft *praludium* to æternall rest.
 So like the *sisters* were in him, his *breath*,
 Did onely tell us which was *sleep*, which *death*,
 His last *successive* breathings did increase
 In such *proportion'd measures*, that to cease
 Did seem Impossible, what e're may be
 The adverse dictates of Philosophy.
 His breathings *pass'd* in such *proportion*
 As each *respected* that *aternall one*.

When by his long disease his patient brest
 Did seem to be more then was fit oppress'd,
 And made us sometimes over apt to say
 His *spirit* was as *heavy* as his *clay*,
 We finn'd against his *piety* which thus
 Sequestred from's *malignant* dust and us
 That *purest* soule, which up to Heav'n was *gone*
 In holy *raptures* of *Devotion*:
 When e're we judg'd him to be *sad* or *dull*
 'Twas *absence* but no *heaviness* of soul.

He

He was a *study'ng* whil'st he here did stay
 Onely to make *choise* of a *dying Day*.

And 'twas no wonder, he *dispatch'd* so soon,
 Who goes with th' *Sun*, shall come to Heav'n at *noon*.

'Twas not too *soon* to goe *when* God did call,
 His *fruit* was *ripe* before his *flow'r* did *fall*.

Angels could not too soon their *Hooks* here bring,

'Tis ever *Harvest*, where there's such a *Spring*.

He saw but *little*, dislik'd *more*: the world

Unsettled, alwayes *round* about him *hurl'd*;

To *fixe* there, were not to *stand still* but *reel*;

Who would live to be *broake on* such a *wheele*?

Yet did he try *Towne*, *Country*, and did see

Some *Reliques* of an *University*:

But nought could force his stay: much more he might

Have seen, but strove to be at *home ere night*:

And now no wonder if such *Flow'rs* do *fade*

Set in so *lean* a soyle, so cold a shade.

As is the *barren* world that's here below:

No such *faire flow'rs* on such *foule dung-hils* grow.

Just

Just *blowne* he was when Heav'ns all-searching eye
 In love with's *beauty* and his *fragrancie* ,
 Streight *plucks him up*, and gives him this new name ,
 A *Saint* inth' *Bosome* of blest *Abraham*.

This is his name, And now whom I before
 Did *love* and *honour*, I must learne t'*adore*.
 He now has happ'ly chang'd his mortall state,
 And 'twas his *amulation* , not his *Fate*:
 That Death so *early* call'd a soule so chaste,
 Argues his *timely ripenesse*, not *it's haste*.
 It was my happinesse when I could call
 Him *friend*, not startled at a *Funerall* :
 But since 'tis more his blisse thus to *acquaint*
 Himselfe with *Angels*, canoniz'd a *Saint*
 By *Death's* owne hand, I must æsteeme it more
 To be his *wot'ry* now, then *friend* before
 He was not borne for us, alas we must
 Not thinke such *Jewels* fitted for our *trust*
 His *Goodnesse* was our *losse*, Heav'n often spares
Lesse blessings for a *greater terme of yeares* :

D

We

We measure *Good* lives not by *yeares* but *houres*,

'Tis *much* that we can say, he *once* was *ours* :

That we once *saw* him is enough to *boast* :

And 'tis the *noblest bragge* to say we've *lost*,

And yet we have not *lost* our Saint, unlesse

In an æternity of *Happineffe*.

We well may lose *our selves* in thinkiug how

Heav'n is so mindfull of poor things below,

As *lend* us so long *his* sweet prefence, when

It selfe thus *picks* him out from *other men*.

So when the Glorious eye of Heav'n doth goe

To view the wonders which *we call below*

We use to say he *sets* and *falls*, when there

He's no lesse *high* or *bright* then he was *here* :

His *courfe* is *one*, and *Constant*, though we call

What our owne *Nat'rall darknesse* is, *his fall*

Hee's not of *life*, but *we* of *him* bereft,

The sorrows we have *found*, those he has *left*

Going to't all the *morning*, now at *Even*

We see him *step over the Grave* to Heaven.

All

All joy to *thee* in Heav'n (blest soul!) whil'st *we*
Here weep and groan and *pray* to *rest* with *thee*.

Tis not *thy* fate that we thy friends bemoan,

Tis not *thy* death, not *thy* losse but our *own*.

We nee'r shall *find* our *joies* again 'till we

Can die and *lose* our *griefs* in Heav'n with *thee*.

But we disturb thy sacred dust, now close

Wrapt up securely in a sweet repose.

We not *so* prize thy soul, as hope to *buy*

It back by th' *cheap* expences of an eye.

Why should'st thou now from all thy joyes *descend*,

Unblesse thy selfe, so to *reblesse* thy friends?

When we'd enjoy thee *next*, 'twill be a *light*

Task for *thy* sake to bid the *world* Good-night.

We *eas'ly* shall passe through the *Grave* and *death*

To *come* to *thee*, we'll *run* quite *out* of *breath*.

Such pious journeys still *successefull* be,

He's sure to *go* to *Heav'n* that *comes* to *thee*.

Mors iter ad vitam.



An *EPITAPH* on the same.

ASke you, what's by this *Marble* meant?

Thus said the soul, which *this way* went.

Friend, I am *gone*,

There nothing lies but dust and stone:

Would'st thou be *here*?

Step in and leave thy body *there*.

Why at the *door*

Do'st stand and talk? I'm far *before*

Would'st be where I

Now happy rest? Dispatch and *die*.

So shalt thou *be*

That in thy *selfe*, thou *seek'st* in *me*.

Strike through this *stone*, make hast to tast & know,

What I enjoy, but cannot *tell* thee now.





Another.

K *Nock* not, but *enter*; why do'st fear?

His ashes *sleep*, his soul's not *here*.

VVhat *here* thou see'st, this *breathleſſe* *dust*

Liv'd ſeav'nteene yeares, *Chast*, *Good*, and *Juſt*.

VVhen here it could no *better* be,

'T went *home* to Immortallity.

This *Grave*, which by its death became

The ſole ſurviver of the * *name*,

VVas left its *Heir*, 'till *that day* when

Theſe aſhes ſhall *revive* againe;

And up to thoſe bleſt manſions ſore,

VVhither the ſoul went *long before*.

* PITT. He
being the laſt
heir male of the
family.

FINIS.

